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CONTENTS.

Agricultural—British Farmers and Taxation—Notes by the Way—A Cleveland Bay Remedy for W. H. Yates—New Feature at the Branch Fair—The Potato Crop in Indiana—The British Grain Trade—Legislation on Sheep-Breeding and Wool-Growing—New Feature at the Branch Fair—No Running Blood for Him—Island Horse Stock Farm—Horse Gossips—	1
The Poultry Yard—	2
Horticultural—Washtenaw Horticulture—Varieties of Strawberries—Floricultural—Packing Apples for Market—Advertisers for Groceries—Trade Books—Books Received—Advertisers—New Enemy of the Peas—Horticultural Notes 3	
Editorial—Wheat—Corn and Oats—Dairy Products—Wool—Commencement at the Agricultural College—	
Newspaper Summary—	
Poetry—	
Art—The Corn Song—Loss in Delay—	6
Miscellaneous—Dr. George—Life of a London Flower Girl—Baby Funeral in Mexico—Flory's Doings as Told by Jack—The Power of Love—The Little King—Cocktail Tales—He Never Suspected It—Peril in a Balloon—A Regular D. H.—Had His Doubts About It—The Little King's Recession—Cartettes—Cats—	6
Good Health Results from Sanitary Work—	8
Editorials—Probably Tuberculosis in Cows—Tumor on Leg of a Mare—Goitre in a Colt—Chronic Garget in a Mare—	8

Agricultural.

BRITISH FARMERS AND TAXATION.

W. J. Harris, a member of the British Parliament, recently published in the London *Economist* an interesting article upon the condition of British farms and the taxation they are called upon to bear. From it we learn that the taxable product of the soil of England and Wales is about \$68,557,450. The principal items included are about \$74,000,000 for wheat \$61,000,000 for barley, \$48,000,000 for oats, \$24,000,000 for beans, peas and rye, \$32,000,000 for straw, \$46,000,000 for turnips, \$24,000,000 for potatoes, \$14,500,000 for mangolds, \$134,000,000 for hay and \$18,000,000 for pasture, \$10,000,000 for hops, flax, etc.; \$24,500,000 for orchard and garden products, and \$6,000,000 for feed on waste land. From this is deducted the feed of working horses used solely in agriculture, in number 847,592, estimated at \$8,750,000.

The taxation borne by the farms is next examined, and is put at \$80,075,000 yearly, the most important items being \$35,000,000 local rates applying exclusively to agricultural land, \$30,000,000 tithes, and \$2,500,000 land tax redeemed and unredeemed. Mr. Harris urges that agriculture is thus compelled to pay over \$90,000,000 on a production yearly of \$62,000,000, while compelled to compete directly with the owners of foreign virgin soil, whose burdens of taxation are not one-fourth as great. In other words, he says that "every English bred bullock sold at £30 has paid to national objects of one sort or another £4 6s, while every sheep sold at 50s has contributed in like manner 7s 6d for the same purpose. It amounts to a charge of nearly 15 per cent on the result." This statement, if correct, and it is believed to be in the main, shows the enormous burdens which the British farmer has to bear, and at once accounts for the steady decline of agriculture in that country.

Another point worthy of attention is the amount paid out for labor on British farms, which Mr. Harris estimates at \$173,500,000 yearly. He puts the number of men engaged in agricultural labor in England and Wales at \$70,000, and the average wage at 15s per week (about \$3.60, or 60c per day). The wages, he says, vary from 10s to 18s per week, and 15s is given as the average. This, it must be remembered, does not include board or lodgings.

The next item considered is the rental value of farms, which is calculated at \$215,000,000. It then appears that from the remainder there must be deducted the cost of manures, and repairs for tenants, and the tradesmen's bills of the farmer and his family, so that what is left is practically nothing. In other words, the farmer gets wages, and if he owns the land, a decent rental value for it, but gets nothing more.

And this is what the wonderful doctrine of free trade, after forty years' trial, has done for the British farmers. We commend the statements of Mr. Harris (a free-trader of course) to the consideration of the farmers of Michigan.

A STATEMENT is made, on the authority of a letter to a member of the Detroit Board of Trade, that the only wheat now arriving in New York in fine condition and fully up to the certificates is the Detroit No. 2 red. The Detroit Board of Trade inspection certificate, the letter said, is considered equal to a four per cent government bond, since it is known that the wheat is just what the certificate represents it to be. The quality of the wheat crop in Michigan this season is unusually fine, and with careful inspection there is no reason why Michigan wheat should not take a leading position among the winter wheat States for its high standard of merit.

Starting from Mr. Wells', Mr. Yates drove us to the town of Shelby, Macomb Co., to the residence of Mr. Lee Chapel. Here we were in a neighborhood where the American Merino holds sway, and as Mr. Chapel has been breeding them for a number of years the first thing to do was to have a look at the flock. Mr. Chapel has been breeding from rams from the flocks of Weed Thorrington, John C. Thompson and John Hosner, of Romeo. For years he has made a specialty of growing a fine delaine wool with good length of staple, and he has certainly succeeded admirably. A large number of samples were shown which were of exceptionally high character, the fiber fine, even and strong, the crimp beautifully regular, and extending its entire length, and the

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A Visit Among the Farmers of Oakland and Macomb Counties.

On the line of the Bay City Railway, between Utica and Rochester, is Yates Station, named after Mr. W. H. Yates, an old resident, upon whose farm it is located. The station was discontinued for a time, but has been again opened and a side-track put in. It makes a very convenient shipping point for the farmers in the vicinity. On the platform of the station we found Mr. Yates, and with him had a look over his farm and surroundings. He is doing considerable in dairying, and is engaged in breeding up his herd to a greater milking capacity. For this purpose he is using the imported Holstein-Friesian bull at the head of the Rowley & Phillips herd near Utica. His cows are of all kinds, grade Devons, grade Shorthorns and grade Holstein-Friesians, selected for their milking qualities alone. He expects to secure a greater capacity by breeding these cows as stated. The country around here is quite rolling and the soil a gravelly loam. On a flat extending along the Clinton River, which divides the farm, Mr. Yates has some pasture fields which prove valuable during summer droughts, and here also Mrs. Yates has laid out and cultivated a garden which is a model one for a farm, filled with small fruits and vegetables, and showing intelligent care. On a side hill near the residence is a spring house where the milk is set in deep cans in a tank filled with cold spring water, which is conducted into it through an iron pipe underground. Now that the station is again opened, Mr. Yates will ship milk direct to Detroit. On the farm, is a cider mill and a small mill for grinding feed, run by water-power. The country in the vicinity is well cultivated, and the farmers generally in good shape financially.

In company with Mr. Yates we drove over to the farm of Mr. H. A. Wells to see his herd of Shorthorns. Mr. Wells is one of the best farmers in Oakland County, to our notion, and it is a satisfaction to see the manner in which his fences are kept up, the corners free from weeds, and the fields all showing careful cultivation. About three years ago he began the formation of a herd of Shorthorns, and he has now six breeding cows, two of them from the herd of John Lessiter of Jersey, a red roan heifer, and some spring calves. The breeding cows are all red and red with some white, and includes some handsome animals. Among their spring calves are two especially fine ones. One of these is a roan bull calf, and a finer proportioned animal we never saw. It is a large calf, but is square built and straight in its lines, and is so compactly put together as to be very deceiving. The other is a deep red bull calf, equally as straight as the other, with a fine head, small muzzle, good back and loin, but hardly so well filled behind as the roan. But either one of them would make a strong competitor in a show-ring. The evening there was quite a party of visitors in Mr. Chapel's parlor, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by those present.

Next to Mr. Chapel's farm is that of Mr. P. Andrews, a relative, and the son of one of the pioneers of this section. He is also an admirer of the American Merino, and has a fine flock bred largely from the same stock that of Mr. Chapel's. A part of his flock are unregistered, owing to loss of records, but he has now some breeding ewes from the Perkins flock of Aranda. He has used rams from that flock, and also from the flock of Mr. J. C. Thompson. This is another good flock, not in quite so high condition as that of Mr. Chapel, but in excellent shape for a breeding flock. The soil on these two farms is rather light naturally, just the land for the Merino. Even if wool were lower than it has yet been sheep would pay their way here, as these farms are rendered doubly productive by them. Mr. Andrews is also breeding Chester White hogs, and has two fine brood sows with litters. His stock came from John Hosner of Romeo, and is bred from that of S. H. Todd of Wakeman, Ohio, who has been identified with the breed as far back as the memory of man runneth.

Messrs. Andrews and Chapel then drove us over to the farm of S. Lockwood of Washington, who divides his love for live stock between the Merino sheep and the Clydesdale horse. The horses were the nearest, and were first brought out for inspection. First came the Clyde stallion Young Contest, first premium animal in his class for the past three years at the State Fair, a horse of good proportions, very compact, closely coupled, and ribbed up like a thoroughbred. His muscular development is wonderful, and with a fine head, strong, well shaped neck, resting upon immense shoulders, he is a horse that will always attract attention in any company. Then a black stallion colt bred in Canada was let out in the yard, and next a bay mare colt five months old, by Young Contest. The latter promises to be a remarkably fine animal. A large brood mare with a young colt also by Contest completed the show. Next the flock was visited in the pastures. It is entirely of Ayrshire blood, and traces to the flocks of Hammond, Sanford and L. P. Clark. The ewes bred direct from the Hammond flock are rather small, plain bodied, but good breeders and mothers, and shearing an extra fine class of wool. There is a fine party of yearling rams here, and of fine breeding. Mr. Lockwood had sold his wool a day or two before, and said he had received an advance of fully 25 per cent for holding it until now. This is a very fine farm, the land containing a good deal of clay and having a strong productive soil.

Driving towards Shelby station we stopped to see the trotting stallion Waterloo, now owned by S. Curtis. He is a dark brown in color, now eleven years old, standing sixteen hands high, with a free, open gait, and great style. He is a very handsome horse, and should breed a good class of carriage horses. He was bred in Kentucky, sired by Almont, and his dam

was Lady Buford, thoroughbred, by Imp. Leamington.

At Shelby station we called upon Mr. H. L. Lintz, who is a breeder of Poland-China hogs, and several varieties of poultry. The hogs came from the stock of the Barnes Bros., of Byron, and the boar traced to the herd of B. G. Buell of Little Prairie Ronde. He has some fine brood sows. In chickens he breeds Plymouth Rocks, and Brown and White Leghorns. He is also starting in Crevecoeur. A pair of young males by Goldenbow were trotted out, bay in color, one three and the other four years old. Mr. Lintz, has bred these mares to Young Almont, and should have a nice pair of colts from the cross.

The farmers in this section are fully alive to the benefits derived from keeping improved stock, the past five years having opened their eyes wonderfully in this respect. For this time forward live stock will occupy a more important position in their system of agriculture, not only to their benefit pecuniarily, but also to the improvement of their farms in value and productivity.

A CLEVELAND BAY.

Recently we had something to say in regard to the Cleveland Bay as a desirable breed for the horse breeders and farmers of Michigan to use in improving the style and adding to the value of their horse stock.

On this page we give an illustration of what may be regarded as a typical animal of this breed in style and general conformation.

The head, it is clean, bony, and well shaped, the eye prominent and intelligent, the neck arched, and carrying the head well up,

giving a handsome appearance in front;

the back is very short and the loins broad,

the quarters coming well forward, deep

and rounded, the legs symmetrical, well

corded, clean and bony, and ending in

shapely feet, always hard and enduring.

It can easily be seen what the effect of a well matched team of such horses before a handsome carriage would be, and how quick a market they would find in our large cities. There is another point in these horses deserving of mention, and that is their intelligence and good disposition.

We regard this as a positive necessity in a family carriage horse, the lack of

which should at once disqualify a horse for such a purpose.

The portrait of the stallion given above was sketched from one imported and owned by George E. Brown & Co., of Aurora, Ill., and was taken when he was four years old.

At that time he stood 16 hands, and weighed 1,450 lbs.

Mr. Brown, who is a good

admirer of this breed, began their importation a number of years ago.

In Illinois, where they have been used to some extent

by the farmers to cross on their common

mares, the result has been so gratifying

that they have grown steadily in favor

with breeders and mothers,

and shearing an extra fine class of wool.

There is a fine party of yearling rams

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a strong productive soil.

This seems to be a move in the right

direction. People are visiting farms more

and more with reference to making selec-

tions wherewith to improve their stock,

and breeders are exhibiting mainly to ad-

vertise their stock. The plan of a public

sale in connection with the fair will bring

the buyer and seller directly in contact,

and must be of much advantage to both.

REMEDY FOR WEEVIL IN WHEAT.

The French farmers are greatly troubled with the weevil, and scientists have been experimenting with a view of securing a cheap and efficient remedy. Our Paris correspondent says a very simple remedy consists in spreading a sheep's fleece, woolly side downwards, at the bottom of the heap of grain invaded by the insects. The latter will seek refuge in the wool in great numbers; the fleece is to be raised cautiously, and shaken over a vessel of warm water. Let us give to the fowls. The periods most favorable for the destruction are in spring, when the weevils quit their winter quarters to breed; in September, when they are regaining them, and in July, when the products of the first hatching appear. Draining tiles placed in the heap of grain, ten feet apart, prevent an excellent preventive. Such equalize the temperature of the mass with that of the open air. Bunches of fennel, or fresh hemp, hung in the granary, are spoken of favorably. Sulphur of carbon, quarter of a pint to one ton of grain, is a radical remedy. Fill a hogshead three quarters full with wheat, add the ratio of chemical: bung and roll a little to mix the vapor. The latter evaporates in 24 hours. The sulphur is very inflammable; hence, observe great caution.

AMERICAN CATTLE IN FRANCE.

Our Paris correspondent sends us the following in regard to a shipment of American beef cattle to that city:

A few weeks ago there arrived in the

Paris market a consignment from the

United States of 244 cattle, namely: 196

bullocks and 48 bulls. It is two years

since a similar shipment took place.

The cattle came from the States of Texas and

New York, and were magnificently shaped

animals, crossing apparently between the

Durham and the Angus. The mean age

was three years—that which explains why

they bore the voyage so well. The aver-

age weight of the beasts was 11 cwt.

The weight in meat was 61 per cent of the live

weight, and the animals were at once

classed in the first category of butchers' meat.

Indeed the American meat sold

for 75 centimes per pound, while the

maximum price the same day for the best

French stock was only 72 centimes.

The cattle were shipped from New York, on

the 13th of June, arrived at Antwerp the

25th following, and at the Paris Smithfield, on the 30th

The Horse.

NO RUNNING BLOOD FOR HIM.

"F. C. H." thinks it out of place in a Trotter.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer:

The recent achievement of Maud S. in lowering her own record, and the subsequent interview between a New York Tribune reporter and Mr. Bonner in which the latter is reported to have said that it is the four mile running blood in her veins that stayed her up for such a performance, seems to have set all the thoroughbred or running blood theorists in the country to galloping.

The MICHIGAN FARMER, usually intelligent and well informed in trotting horse matters, seems also to fall in with the reported idea of Mr. Bonner on this subject, and in a recent issue takes up the cudgel in defense of the disastrous and nearly defunct idea, that to get a fast and game trotter you must have a strong infusion of running blood.

I don't believe that Mr. Bonner is correctly reported in this matter, or that he ever made the statement as published. I don't believe it, because his own practice of breeding does not substantiate it. But granting that he did make the statement and believes what he says; let us see what it leads us to. He cites the fact that she trotted the first quarter at a 2:11 gait, certainly not a great burst of speed for Maud S.; the second quarter at a 2:06 gait, making the half in 1:04, a great performance. The third quarter was trotted in 31 seconds, or at the rate of 2:04. Right here the thoroughbred lunatics stop and tell us that it was "the four mile running blood" which stayed her up for such a performance evidently forgetting that they have only, as yet, gone three-fourths of a mile. Now, will some one tell us what blood it was that caused her to quit so badly in the fourth quarter? The work was straight and the track the best of the mile, and yet "the four mile running blood" only enabled her to trot it in 33 seconds or a 2:13 gait, notwithstanding the fact that the runner was brought up alongside of her and Bair applied the whip with vigor. No one would be foolish enough to attempt to detract from the performance as a whole. It was a wonderful mile and no animal but Maud S. is to-day before the public capable of even approaching it. But only the middle half was remarkably fast. This was trotted in 1:02, or a 2:05 gait. Now the question is where did she get the trotting instinct, the frictionless gait and the perfect trotting action which enabled her to attain this rate of speed and continue it even for half a mile? Was it obtained from her sire Harold, or his sire Hambletonian, or his dam Enchantress by Abdallah, all trotters and producers of trotters? Or was it the gift of Miss Russell by Pilot Jr., a speedy trotter? Or did she get them from the thoroughbred Boston, the sire of her grandam? I have yet to hear an intelligent horseman claim that Boston was a producer of trotting qualities, and if he did not produce them in Maud S., upon what theory can it be claimed that he produced the staying qualities which carried her wonderful speed to the three-quarter pole and there deserted her? Or if Hambletonian or his descendants produced her trotting qualities, who but an ignoramus will claim that her staying qualities were not also transmitted by him? In other words, how is it that her immediate ancestors produced her speed and the sire of her grandam produced her staying qualities?

thought invincible; but when she was pitted against that other four-miler, Ten Broek, she found one greater than she, and as the game horse carried her along mile after mile, at a rate of speed beyond her endurance, she lowered her colors and yielded to an ignominious defeat.

The only correct thing in breeding is to know what you want and breed it. If a trotter is wanted, discard the running blood. If you want a runner, keep clear of trotting blood. Running blood is no more capable of transmitting desirable trotting qualities, than Jersey blood in cattle is capable of transmitting beef qualities.

If a trotter is wanted breed him from the best trotting stock obtainable. Let the colt be educated by a man who is a colt handler, and understands what is necessary to develop his natural speed; when he is started against the watch have him in the pink of condition, and this is all the secret there is in successfully breeding and developing the trotting horse.

F. C. F.
Island Home Stock Farm.

Savage & Farnum, proprietors of Island Home Stock Farm, Grossie Isle, Wayne Co., Mich., exhibited five of their finest Percheron stallions at the Michigan Breeders' Meeting at Hamtramck Park Wednesday and Thursday last.

The horses were Jupiter, Pluviose, Patrocle, Orestes and Brilliant, all splendid specimens of the race. Columns might be written in praise of the horse Jupiter, who is without doubt one of the greatest living draft horses. He it was that Rosa Bonheur selected as the best horse in all the Perche when she wanted a subject for a picture to present to the Percheron Society of France. He is a dark grey, weighs about 1,800 lbs., good tempered and perfect in every way.

Pluviose is very much after Jupiter's style in general make-up, color and size, and the two make a splendid looking pair standing together. Patrocle, a three year old giant, weighs 1,950 lbs. and is as graceful in all his movements as a trotter. Orestes they call the little one and compared with Patrocle he looks small although he weighs 1,600 lbs.; he is a horse of great style and action and can trot a mile inside of four minutes. Brilliant is a dark bay, full black points and is simply a perfect draft horse; he looks him over we could not detect a place that we would have had different if we were having him made to order. He is a mass of solid bone and muscle with an eye like a hawk and is as active as a cat; his beautiful color should command him to a community where bay is the desirable color, he must be bred very deep in the bay lines himself, his color is so dark, rich and glossy. He has a fine mane and tail and we predict that he will prove a good investment for the man who is fortunate enough to secure him.

Messrs. Savage & Farnum did not show any of their mares, of which they have a large number of fine ones, together with about twenty head of stallions, a full description of which is set forth in their large illustrated catalogue. Mr. Farnum states that all the stock both young and old at Island Home are in perfect health, and the fine lusty appearance of the five above mentioned horses amply indicates the care and kindness the stock receives at their home on the beautiful Island in the Detroit River ten miles below the city.

Horse Gossip.

The great two year old race horse Ban Fox, owned by Chinm & Morgan, has been sold to a California for \$18,000. We do not guarantee the correctness of these figures.

KALAMAZOO will have a fall meeting, beginning on the 29th, and lasting four days. This meeting will follow the Western Michigan Agricultural Fair, at which \$3,500 in purses are offered for trotting, pacing and running.

THE four days' meeting at Flint the past week was very successful. The attendance the last day was rather light, but on the previous days it was very good. The different classes filled well, and the racing was interesting.

An English two year old colt called The Bard is credited with winning 15 consecutive victories this season, and winning \$42,000 in stakes. He has several races yet to run. It will probably end his racing career, as very few horses can stand such campaigning while in their two year old form.

EAGLE BIRD trotted at Lexington, Ky., recently to beat 2:30, and he obtained a three year old record of 2:35 $\frac{1}{4}$, which beats by half a second the three year old stallion record of Steinway, made in 1878. Eagle Bird is a roan stallion by Jay Bird, son of George Wilkes, out of Tansey, daughter of George Wilkes, and his two year old record was 2:30 $\frac{1}{2}$.

THAT wonderfully good mare Miss Woodford, ran a match race with Freeland on Thursday last, at Monmouth Park. The match was for \$2,500 a side, and \$2,500 added. Miss Woodford was the favorite, but largely because Murphy, Freeland's jockey was sick. The pools sold at \$70 to \$50 on Miss Woodford. The race was a mile and quarter, and was very exciting, the mare winning by only a head in 2:09.

BAN FOX sold as a yearling for \$147. He was bred by Major Thomas, of the Dixiana Stud Farm, was sired by King Ban, and his dam was Maud Hampton. Ban Fox is a dark bay with black points, the only white about him being a small star. He is not a very tall colt, but is very substantial, with a very light, gelding sort of neck for an entire colt. He has a plain looking head, with prominent forehead, good shoulders and a fair sort of back, with plenty of power in his hips and quarters, with fair sort of legs and feet.

THE Rural New Yorker says that of 400 or more different kinds of plants used on experimental grounds, there are not more than five kinds which seem, in all respects, to be more valuable than the well known wheats like Clawson, Fultz, etc.

THE Pittsburg Stockman finds the cause of the destruction of the grass in pastures, which has been widespread this season, in the severe drought of 1884 in which many places literally burned up the roots of the grass, and the hard and protracted winter following destroyed what was left.

In Hager, of Cambridge, Mass., in the American Entomologist, says the Hessian fly, popularly supposed to have been brought to America by the German hirelings who fought for the British in the Revolutionary war, was known in Pennsylvania ten years before that time, being known as the Hessian fly.

E. C. ROBERTS, in the Lapeer Democrat, reminds farmers of the loss they will incur if they thresh and market their wheat while "in the sweat," and says: "In order to find out if the grain is now or slack is fit to thresh, push a rake handle into it and leave for half an hour. If the grain is fit the rake, when taken

At the meeting at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., the past week, the great \$10,000 special stake race created much interest. There were ten entries, and nine starters.

It is nonsense to say that the thoroughbred gives the trotter staying qualities. The running horse at his gait is no more of a stayer than the trotter at his. They all stay well as long as they are not compelled to carry a fast rate of speed any great distance, or beyond their natural powers of endurance. But when they are called upon to do what has never been done before, to speed persistently against that invisible antagonist, "Time," and get to the wire ahead of the stated period allotted them, they all yield, whether trotters or runners. Molly McCarthy ruled queen among the four milers and was

namely: Joe Davis, Adelaide, Kenilworth, Jerome Turner, Judge Davis, Felix, William Arthur, Windsor M. and Tucker. Joe Davis took the two first heats, Adelaide the third and fifth, Kenilworth the fourth and sixth, and Davis the seventh and the race. Time, 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, 3:10, 3:12, 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:30, 2:30 $\frac{1}{4}$, and 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$. This was a square race. Adelaide got second money. Joe Davis was favorite in the pool before the start.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD, who takes so much interest in trotting, has thought out a plan for putting a stop to foul riding. It is to have patrol judges at each furlong post, where he could have a box to protect him from storm or the sun. These patrols should be men of some experience in racing, whose duty it would be to watch closely for foul riding, crossing, running a horse into the fence, or purposely carrying an opposing horse wide at the turns to make him lose ground. After the race each of the patrols should raise a signal flag, a white one to indicate all right, a red one to indicate he had a complaint to lodge. Upon one of them raising the red flag, the judges in the stand should send the coach directly to him, and bring him to the stand, where the judges could hear his report, upon hearing which the judges could take appropriate action. He thinks it would put a stop to foul riding, and render the result of races more generally satisfactory.

The Boss Collar Pad is guaranteed the best.

The Farm.

THE CORN ROOT WORM.

Prof. F. W. Webster, in the Indiana Farmer, gives the history of the corn root worm (*Diatroctea longioris*) which is the most destructive insect affecting this crop:

"Like all insects its period of existence is divided into four epochs, or stages, viz: the egg, the larval or worm, the pupal, during which it requires no food, and the adult. It is injurious only in the larval stage. The adult is a rather robust green or greenish-yellow beetle, one-fifth of an inch long and about half as broad. They are to be seen during the last of August, all of September, and the first part of October, flying about among the corn, usually alighting upon the silk upon which they feed. Outside of the corn fields, they often congregate upon the blossoms of clover and golden rod, but show little of a migratory nature.

"In October they descend into the crevices of the earth about the roots of the corn and deposit a large number of minute, dingy white eggs, which to the eye appear like minute grains of light-colored sand. These eggs remain in the ground till the following June, at which time the fibrous roots of the corn are ready for food. On first breaking from the soil the worms are of course very minute, but are extremely active, and soon find their way to the tender roots which they devour, working toward the main roots in which they excavate parallel channels just beneath the outer surface. At this time the worms are four-tenths of an inch long, rather thicker than a cambric needle, smooth, with yellow-brown heads. From the first to the middle of July the worms pass into the pupal stage, they then cast off their worm-like appearance, are shorter, larger round and pure white, and by the middle of August are transformed to adults, and these make their way out of the ground and are congregated on the corn, living over the life of their progenitors."

In regard to remedies, Prof. Webster says:

"If we carefully study the life history of this insect, we cannot fail to note that at the time the young worms hatch from the eggs an immediate supply of food suitable for their condition is absolutely indispensable—if withheld for even a few days, they must necessarily perish of starvation. These conditions could be brought about by allowing the ground to remain idle for one year, but we find that at the time a generous supply of suitable food is required, the roots of any small cereal grains, and of the grasses also, are by far too woody and tough to succumb to the jaws of the tiny worms, and they perish. Not only has the truth of this been practically demonstrated, but also, that owing to the non-migratory habits of the adults, it will require several years for them to acquire sufficient numbers in the field to become injurious."

"Thus a simple change of crops, for a single season, from corn to either wheat, oats, rye, barley or any of the grasses, becomes not only a thoroughly effective remedy, but also one of practical utility.

It is a remedy that has, to my personal knowledge, been thoroughly tested by farmers who not only pride themselves on the number and extent of their estates but also on their management, and I have yet to learn of a single instance where it has proven unsatisfactory. We find that at the time a generous supply of suitable food is required, the roots of any small cereal grains, and of the grasses also, are by far too woody and tough to succumb to the jaws of the tiny worms, and they perish. Not only has the truth of this been practically demonstrated, but also, that owing to the non-migratory habits of the adults, it will require several years for them to acquire sufficient numbers in the field to become injurious."

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J. C. STRAUB,

92-13

Horticultural.

WASHTENAW HORTICULTURE.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

President Scott presided over the August meeting of the Washtenaw County Horticultural Society.

Stephen Mills exhibited Crimson Beauty, a new red raspberry. It bears first and last. Color, light red, best berry for one's own use. His raspberries were a failure this year; where he picked three bushels per day last year, he had three bushels altogether this year, did best in the shade among fruit trees. We need bees to fertilize raspberries. Replanting necessary; Squash and Tyler reported earlier, ripe with Doolittle, which wants renewing every five years. Has abandoned Philadelphia too soft. The Cuthbert, Brandywine and Turner quite an improvement.

J. Ganzhorn.—Marlboro' loaded with berries, brighter than Cuthbert, shape like Crimson Beauty, flavor very ordinary. Cannot compare with Cuthbert.

President Scott. The originator claims that Marlboro is earlier than the Cuthbert, and I am inclined to think it a better shipper.

S. Mills.—Would always plant Cuthbert on poor ordinary soil. Brandywine wants much manure.

E. Bauer.—Raspberries were a moderate success with me after the severe winter. Clean cultivation and wire trellises proved a success on my small plantation. Grape-vine seems to do a great deal of damage this year. We cannot ascribe it to the weather this season. Grapevines, the children of the sun more than the earth, glorified in the warm weather we had. I think the cause is Phylloxera, which, by abstracting the sap, lessens the vigor of the vines. For fugitives I use sulphur freely. Chickens should have free access to the vineyard. We collect the diseased grapes and burn them.

J. Ganzhorn.—The rot set in last year in August, this year as soon as berries formed. Young vines do not rot as bad as the older. If the subsoil holds water, rot will set in. Near my house, where the sub-soil is gravel, the rot has not appeared. Mr. Sage who has his grapevines on a gravelled base, has no rot." Remedy, under-drainage. In Sicily they have natural drainage, therefore the absence of rot.

Mr. J. D. Baldwin.—Grapevines cost \$2 per 1,000. Even my Wyoming rot. Derived most benefit from distant planting. Grapevines are generally planted too near. My neighbor Carr's vines are nearly all used up by the rot, although he has perfect drainage.

Mr. Goodrich.—The cause of disease in plants is two-fold. Either glutony or starvation. Diseases can be brought about by wrong or improper culture.

A. Crozier.—We cannot say that the potato-bug came by starving or over-feeding the soil. The curculio is not present in the soil localities, nor the apple-worm. Diseases in grapes are generally caused by fungi.

Stephen Mills.—There is something in soil. Salt your plum trees with three gallons of salt per tree and you will get plums.

Mr. Baldwin had observed that dead peach trees from 5 to 10 years old, begin to send out strong suckers above the ground and recommended to save such.

An extra meeting of our Society was called for Saturday the fifteenth; to arrange for the National meeting at Grand Rapids.

It is to be hoped that other societies throughout the State are making strenuous efforts as this one to make the greatest meeting the best ever held. Michigan is worthy of the honor even if we have to pay it.

The subject of the grape rot was again taken up. Its serious importance was well illustrated by Mr. J. D. Baldwin, who said that about a year ago he called on neighbor J. Ganzhorn to look over his then flourishing vineyard. They estimated the value of the fruit at \$1,500. A week later Mr. Baldwin made another call to see if his neighbor's grapes were rotting as badly as his own. He found fully one-third of that fine crop ruined in that brief space.

This year the havoc commenced earlier and seems to be more general, but neither cause nor cure seems yet to have been ascertained.

E. Bauer said: We cannot ascribe it to the weather this season; it was most favorable. Thinks the cause Phylloxera, collects the diseased grapes and burns them.

Mr. Mills has never had any rot, prunes once a year, uses plenty of barnyard manure, cultivates shallow.

Mr. Ganzhorn thinks the rot a perplexing question, but concludes it is caused by want of drainage.

Mr. Fuller said we have the best natural drainage, yet the rot has reached him and others on the hills in lower town.

J. J. Parshall. Killed my vines with lime, need no drainage, no sulphur.

Mr. Baldwin. Believes in bagging, thinks too close planting one cause of the trouble.

Mr. Goodrich. Think close planting, severe pruning and high feeding the cause of the trouble.

Mr. Toms, a florist of close observation, presented the theory that the rot was a sort of blood poisoning, caused by continued warm wet weather following a term of warm dry weather, forcing a too rapid circulation of overheated sap. He had noticed that the lower part of the lowest bunches were affected first. W. F. B.

A Natural Curiosity.

The Council Grove Republican says: N. M. Ellis, of Elm Creek Township, brought us the most singular bunch of apples. Three appear in a cluster like grapes on a single twig.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* tells us how weeds and wild flowers are spread over the country. "The railroads are not only great distributors of luxuries and of animal and human diseases, but of weeds as well. In Western Indiana the dwarf perennial phlox is a common weed, making the railroad sides and low meadows gay with their dark rose-colored bloom. Stopping for water in the midst of a train, of passengers from our heavily loaded train of fourteen coaches got off and picked handfuls of flowers. One lady wore a corsage bouquet of these until evening, and then

the green will not mature before fall. He has no name for the apples. The trees were purchased at the old Meacham nursery years ago. We shall send the branch and apples left with us to Professor Shelton of the State Agricultural College, and see if he can throw any light upon the subject or tell us the kinds of apples growing on the same twig.

VARIETIES OF STRAWBERRIES.

Preferences of Michigan Growers.

From a list of statements from a number of strawberry growers in regard to their favorite varieties and most approved methods of culture, published in the *Prairie Farmer*, we take the opinions of representative Michigan growers. President Lyon says:

For market, in matted rows, Wilson, Crescent, Manchester, Mt. Vernon. In hills or very narrow rows, with clean, rich culture: Cumberland, Bidwell, Kentucky; and (from this season's experience only) probably Jewell and Cornelia. For family use, with succession and hill culture: Aloha, Bidwell, Cumberland, Kentucky; and probably Prince of Berries, Parry, and Cornelia. Plant in spring, if ready, but if not it may be profitably done in August, if care is given to water and shade, in hot, dry weather. Do not mulch to keep the soil moist, as the mulch will be removed when growth is in full swing, and the mulch will be washed away by rain.

The best time to begin gathering winter apples is about the first of October, but a week earlier is none too soon for such kinds as ripen early, for example, the King and the Greening. A sufficient number of hands should be provided to gather the whole crop by the middle of October, after which there is danger of frost. Each picker should be provided with a good ladder and swing handle basket, to which a wire hook is attached for hanging it to the rounds of the ladder. Careless pickers, who throw apples into the baskets like so many potatoes, should be at once discharged, for every little bruise lessens the value of the fruit for keeping.

The packing may be done either in the orchard or in a packing house, but in no case should it immediately follow picking; because when apples heat in barrels or heaps, they show up their imperfections.

All tendencies to spot or decay will therefore discover themselves to the packer, and all apples still remaining sound may reasonably be expected to remain so until opened up in winter.

Most growers empty the apples into heaps on the grass, or on straw, in the orchard, where they have a free circulation of air; but if one has a cool, airy fruit house, it would be better to bring them inside at once, where they would be safe from wet and frost, and where the packing could be done comfortably in weather unfavorable for out-door work.

If the latter plan is thought desirable, the barrels should be taken into the orchard, filled to the brim by the pickers, headed up each night, marked with the name of the variety, and laid down upon their sides until it is convenient to draw them indoors. In this way they may be stored in a small compass, and easily emptied out when packing time comes.

Few farmers will find it to their advantage to pack their own apples, if they can make a sale without; for very often buyers representing large houses will pay just as much per barrel for apples unpacked, this operation being considered too important to trust to growers, who could scarcely avoid serving their own interest a little, even if they were skilled in the art.

A packing table may be used to great advantage where the apples are to be handled in barrels. It should be about twelve feet long and three feet wide, with a narrow strip three or four inches high around the edge, and be covered with cloth. The whole affair may be cheaply set up for temporary use, with planks and barrels, and securely fastened. Upon this two barrels may be emptied at a time, and the fruit readily sorted into baskets hung conveniently under the table.

The apples in each barrel should be of uniform size. Thus a barrel of first class apples may be either large or small, but in no case must any second class apples be混入, for nothing will sooner destroy a packer's reputation than fine fruit at the head and poor fruit in the middle of a barrel.

By second class apples we mean all knotty, misshapen, spotted or cracked ones and all such must be disposed of in some way outside of a respectable market.

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MICHIGAN FARMER

— AND —
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The Michigan Farmer

— AND —

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1885.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 427,650 bu., against 485,188 bu., the previous week and 359,453 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 228,982 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 507,705 bu., against 406,045 last week and 300,174 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on August 15 was 40,883,195 bu. against 31,146,339 the previous week, and 18,653,739 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount reported the previous week of 1,236,556 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending August 15 were 569,722 bu., against 599,097 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 5,392,610 bu. against 11,971,481 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

The market the past week has been characterised by general weakness, values steadily declining under large receipts, increasing stocks, and a limited demand. The steadily increasing volume of receipts has weakened holders, and many are now confident that values will go as low as last year. We do not believe that, but shall not be surprised to see a further decline if farmers continue rushing their crops into market at the rate they have been for the past three weeks. Outside of the pressure of stocks and heavy receipts the position of wheat is a strong one, a fact that dealers and farmers will begin to realize as the season advances. The decline during the week ending Saturday was from 14@2c per bu., closing weak on both spot and futures. Yesterday this market was again weak and lower at the opening, receipt being large at all points and values weaker.

The result was a decline in prices of all grades of both spot and futures. Sales comprised 100 cars of spot and 383,000 bu. of futures. After the Board had closed a stronger feeling set in, and last sales were one cent higher than the lowest pointed reached. Chicago also had a weak market at the opening, but at the close firmness was the rule with a part of the decline regained. No. 2 red spot closed there at 84@2c, and No. 3 at 79@7c; No. 2 spring at 78c, and No. 3 do. at 71c. There was considerable buying of long futures at the close, and a firmer feeling among all classes. The Toledo market was dull and easy all day, with No. 2 soft at 87c, and No. 2 at 85c. Liverpool was dull, closing steady, with No. 2 winter at 6s. 1d., and No. 2 spring at 6s. 10d.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from August 1 to August 24:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 2	No. 3
	white.	white.	red.	red.
Aug. 1.	95	95	97½	90
2.	95	97½	97½	92
3.	95	97½	97½	92
4.	95	97½	97½	92
5.	95	97½	97½	92
6.	95	97½	97½	92
7.	95	97½	97½	92
8.	95	97½	97½	92
9.	95	97½	97½	92
10.	95	97½	97½	92
11.	95	97½	97½	92
12.	95	97½	97½	92
13.	95	97½	97½	92
14.	95	97½	97½	92
15.	95	97½	97½	92
16.	95	97½	97½	92
17.	95	97½	97½	92
18.	95	97½	97½	92
19.	95	97½	97½	92
20.	95	97½	97½	92
21.	95	97½	97½	92
22.	95	97½	97½	92
23.	95	97½	97½	92
24.	95	97½	97½	92

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white each day of the past week for the various deals:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Tuesday.	87	87½	85½
Wednesday.	88	88½	85
Thursday.	88	88½	85
Friday.	88	88½	85
Saturday.	88	88½	85
Monday.	88	88½	85

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Tuesday.	90%	91%	92%
Wednesday.	90	90½	92
Thursday.	90	90½	92
Friday.	91%	91½	92
Saturday.	91%	91½	92
Monday.	91	91½	92

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Thursday.	90	90½	92
Friday.	91%	91½	92
Saturday.	91%	91½	92
Monday.	91	91½	92

The general impression in the trade seems to be that No. 1 white will sell down to 80c, and perhaps lower before the first week in September, and if it does we shall see an era of speculation set in, especially for far off futures, that will cause a rapid advance in values as soon as stocks begin to run down. It can only be expected, however, that the early part of the season will be one of weakness and depression, as many will sell their crop early to get ready, money and for fear of a further decline.

Of the wheat crop in the Northwest the Chicago Tribune of Saturday says:

"It was plentifully reported on change yesterday that the threshing of wheat in Dakota, Nebraska, and Northern Minnesota shows an alarming decrease in the

yield as compared with what was expected. The average of several estimates places the loss at 35@40 per cent. There is now no doubt with regard to the poverty of the yield farther south, and if this news about the Northwest proves to be true the total outcome of the crop of 1885 will be very much less than any previous official estimate. In such case it would not be overstating the situation to say that any export movement would have to be supplied by the surplus remaining over from the old crop."

The European wheat crop has been mostly secured. It is generally satisfactory in France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Austro-Hungary and Roumania. In Russia the reports show that the Southern portions have secured a crop below the average in quantity, but of good quality. Other portions report a light yield. In Spain there was a moderate crop grown, and rains during harvest caused much damage that will still further deteriorate its value.

In Great Britain reports favor a good yield on a decreased acreage. The British Farmer says that reports from 476 separate points indicate a crop exceeding the average by 8% per cent., or taking the mean for Great Britain at 28 bushels, as adopted in 1883, a crop of 29 bushels per acre. The barley crop is expected to be little if at all over an average. The oat crop will undoubtedly be the lowest of the three cereals, probable 3½ per cent. below the normal standard. The foreign markets are generally quiet, stocks being heavy and the weakness of American markets being reflected in the trade there. The outlook for the farmers of Great Britain and Continental Europe is certainly far from bright with American wheat selling as low as it is, and they will probably be slow sellers for a time at least.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 9,748 bu., against 29,744 bu. the previous week, and 13,847 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 228,982 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 507,705 bu., against 406,045 last week and 300,174 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on August 15 was 40,883,195 bu. against 31,146,339 the previous week, and 18,653,739 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount reported the previous week of 1,236,556 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending August 15 were 569,722 bu., against 599,097 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 5,392,610 bu. against 11,971,481 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

The exports of corn in this market the past week amounted to 227,650 bu., against 228,982 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 228,982 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 507,705 bu., against 406,045 last week and 300,174 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on August 15 was 40,883,195 bu. against 31,146,339 the previous week, and 18,653,739 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount reported the previous week of 1,236,556 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending August 15 were 569,722 bu., against 599,097 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 5,392,610 bu. against 11,971,481 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

The market the past week has been characterised by general weakness, values steadily declining under large receipts, increasing stocks, and a limited demand. The steadily increasing volume of receipts has weakened holders, and many are now confident that values will go as low as last year. We do not believe that, but shall not be surprised to see a further decline if farmers continue rushing their crops into market at the rate they have been for the past three weeks. Outside of the pressure of stocks and heavy receipts the position of wheat is a strong one, a fact that dealers and farmers will begin to realize as the season advances. The decline during the week ending Saturday was from 14@2c per bu., closing weak on both spot and futures. Yesterday this market was again weak and lower at the opening, receipt being large at all points and values weaker.

The result was a decline in prices of all grades of both spot and futures. Sales comprised 100 cars of spot and 383,000 bu. of futures. After the Board had closed a stronger feeling set in, and last sales were one cent higher than the lowest pointed reached. Chicago also had a weak market at the opening, but at the close firmness was the rule with a part of the decline regained. No. 2 red spot closed there at 84@2c, and No. 3 at 79@7c; No. 2 spring at 78c, and No. 3 do. at 71c. There was considerable buying of long futures at the close, and a firmer feeling among all classes. The Toledo market was dull and easy all day, with No. 2 soft at 87c, and No. 2 at 85c. Liverpool was dull, closing steady, with No. 2 winter at 6s. 1d., and No. 2 spring at 6s. 10d.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from August 1 to August 24:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 2	No. 3
	white.	white.	red.	red.
Aug. 1.	95	95	97½	90
2.	95	97½	97½	92
3.	95	97½	97½	92
4.	95	97½	97½	92
5.	95	97½	97½	92
6.	95	97½	97½	92
7.	95	97½	97½	92
8.	95	97½	97½	92
9.	95	97½	97½	92
10.	95	97½	97½	92
11.	95	97½	97½	92
12.	95	97½	97½	92
13.	95	97½	97½	92
14.	95	97½	97½	92
15.	95	97½	97½	92
16.	95	97½	97½	92
17.	95	97½	97½	92
18.	95	97½	97½	92
19.	95	97½	97½	92
20.	95	97½	97½	92
21.	95	97½	97½	92
22.	95	97½	97½	92</

August 25, 1885.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

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Poetry.

THE CORN SONG.

Heap high the farmer's hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn pour'd
From out her lavish hand!

Let other lands, exulting, glean,
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine:

We better love the hardy girt
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeable April play'd:

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robins crow'd away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot summer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let rapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of sump and milk,
By homespun beauty pour'd!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Stands up its smoky curls,
We'll not think the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grist,
Our wealth of golden corn:

Let earth withhold her golden root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly;

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

—J. G. Whittier.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

(The following quaint but forcible verses are by Robert Southall, a poet of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.)

Sighn delays—they breed remorse;

"Take their time, while time is lent thee;

Creeping snails have weakest force;

"Fly thy fault, lest thou repeat thee.

Good is best when soonest wrought;

Lingering labor comes to naught,

Holst up sail while gale doth last—

Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;

Seek not time when time is past—

Sobred speed is wisdom's leisure.

After-wits are dearly bought—

Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before—

Take thou hold upon his forehead;

When he lies he turns no more,

And behind his sulk is naught;

Works adjourned have many stays;

Long demur breed new delays.

Miscellaneous.

DOCTOR GEORGE.

About the only earthly possession of any value George Hixson had on his twenty-second birthday, was a handsome diploma of parchment tied up with a blue ribbon. The diploma was from a medical college of very high standing, and George had worked hard and faithfully for four long years for that diploma. That he deserved it, made it a valuable possession.

He had with it a good deal of capital in the shape of courage, enthusiasm, faith in himself and the world. He was honest, manly and patient, and could begin life at the right end of the ladder.

He was so poor that he had to walk part way from the college to his old home, the village of Sharon.

The first man he met at the end of a tiresome journey, was old Enoch Lampson, a man who had known George from the day of his birth.

"How do you, George, how do you? Home again, eh?" was the old man's greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied George; "home to stay, this time."

"So yer a full fledged pill-maker, an' ready to go into partnership with old Billy, our graybeard sexton, hey?" asked the old man, with poor wit.

George felt disposed to resent this, but he did not.

"Ye don't calc'late on settlin' down here in Sharon, do ye?" continued old Enoch.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Wal, now, I done—I done 'bout that, George."

"Why shouldn't I begin here?" asked the young man. "I hear that old Dr. Edmunds has died lately, and that no one has yet come to take his place. Why should I not do so? I am young."

"That's hit, George, that's hit," interrupted old Enoch. "Yer too young. That's just whar the shoe pinches. Leastwise, that's one place whar hit pinches. Nuthin' thing is that—that—"

The old man scratched his head in evident confusion. He looked keenly at the young man, whose face began to flush.

"Wall," resumed the old man, "you know as well as anybody, George, jis what yer famly connections is, you know that—"

"I know it so well that you need not take the trouble to enlighten me any further on the subject," replied the young man, very quickly.

"I know to my sorrow that my father was a common drunkard, and that I am generally known as 'old Joe Hixson's son.' I know that my eldest brother followed in my father's footsteps, and was killed in a drunken brawl in this town. My other brother has gone to the bad, too. But I know, and you know, too, Mr. Lampson, that my mother was as good a woman as ever lived through years of shame and suffering, to die at last of a broken heart."

"That's even so, George," admitted the old man. "I knowed your mother when

she was purty Mary Jackson, 'fore it was ever her misfortune to know yer reprobate father; an' she was, as you say, as good a woman as ever drewn breath; but hit's yer father's name you've got, an' the name o' Hixson don't stan' very high in these parts. But I'll say fer you, George, that I hain't a word to say agin you, pussonally an' individuoly. I am free ter say an' b'leve that yer of a mind ter do what's right, an' that you want to raise yer name far bove the o'jeum that's now on hit."

"I do want that," was the young man's earnest reply, "and it's strange if the Christian people of this town refuse to give me help and encouragement. My own record here is clear—I am not ashamed to have it read. Of course I am young, and most people are a little afraid of young physicians—but all physicians were young once—and I must have a beginnin' you know."

"Now I have studied faithfully, carefully, even prayerfully, for four long years. I have spent every dollar I had, educating myself. No one knows of the deprivations I have had to suffer for this," and he held up his diploma as he spoke.

But he had not spent four years studying medicine to finally become a newspaper reporter.

At last he made up his mind to go out West. Hope had died out in his heart. The people of Sharon were determined to ignore him. He could not succeed there. But there was that young man's Mecca—the boundless West. Perhaps the fates would be less cruel to him there. He need not be "old Joe Hixson's son" among strangers. But there were those precious promises!

"They will be fulfilled yet in the Lord's own time and place," he said, cheerfully. "He probably means that I shall go away from here to something better than I have dared hope for."

So he made ready to go. The home of his childhood was dear to him, and he was fond of familiar faces, even if they were not always kindly. He had always felt timid about going among total strangers. But his poor little trunk was packed, and he had gone around saying good-bye to the few friends who cared to say good-bye to him. He intended going on Tuesday.

On Monday afternoon a little tow-headed boy came to say good-bye to him.

"Say, Doctor George," he said, "my mother wants you to come up to our house and see if there's anything the matter of our Tommy," cause if there is, ma wants to send for Doctor Graves."

Old Enoch had truthfully said:

"Doctor George will have a hard row to dig."

He had, indeed. The name of Hixson was in bad repute in and around Sharon. The people were prejudiced against the poor young fellow, although they could not but admit that his own character was above reproach. They had known him from his baby-days up, and it did not "seem natural" to call him "Doctor" Hixson. And he was so proud of that hard earned title.

Those who used it at all, called him "Doctor George," that took away half the dignity for him, and was a familiarity resented, in secret, although he dared not do so openly. Others called him "Doc," and that was simply galling to the high-strung young man. He was daily hurt by covert or open sneers. Even the children ridiculed him and his new title.

"Well, Tommy, my boy, it will take something more than grease on your heels and tar on your nose to make you well. You have the small-pox."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy's mother, sharply. "I don't believe you know small-pox from the measles! I'll send for Doctor Graves right off."

"Very well, Madam," said Doctor George, politely bowing himself out.

But late that evening Tom's mother came crying to Doctor George.

"Well, Tommy, my boy, it will take something more than grease on your heels and tar on your nose to make you well. You have the small-pox."

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The Doctor's office was such a shabby little affair, and he was quite too poor to make it better. It had no carpet, no pictures, nothing but a cheap desk, a chair or two, and the few old, but valuable books which comprised the Doctor's library.

Appearances go a good ways toward a physician's success or failure, no matter how greatly we may affect to underrate them.

He should be well dressed. A shabby man can never assume a very dignified appearance. His office should be neat and inviting. It angers ill for the amount of a man's practice, if his office is as shabby as poor Doctor George's was.

If the young fellow could only have had a chance. But there were the people sending ten miles to K——, a neighboring town, for Dr. Graves, who could ride over in his carriage, and count their pulse-beats by a magnificent gold watch. His clothes were of the best, and tailor-made, and he had graduated from the same college from which Doctor George's diploma had come.

When Doctor Graves was sent for a second time, it was discovered that he had suddenly been called away "on business." He staid away all winter.

Doctor George went back to his empty office after seeing Tommy a second time. He unpacked his little trunk, lighted a candle, and began to read a certain medical work. He read until midnight, until one, two, three o'clock, until the dawn of day; found him on his bended knees, prayerful, and even tearful. He felt that there had been given him work to do; that a change was coming in his life. He opened his well-worn little Bible, and read:

"I will not fail thee nor forsake thee," and again he read; "Be strong, and again I say, be strong."

And he was strong:

"His strength was as the strength of ten. Because his heart was pure."

He became a tower of strength to those stricken people. He was doctor, nurse, consoler more than he thought he ever should be to suffering creatures.

His success with Tommy was assured within a few days, and others came eagerly after him. His skill in baffling the disease was wonderful. Had he not the Heavenly help? There were few deaths, and many people came forth, their fair and blooming cheeks unmarked by the dread disease.

Mrs. Colonel Giddings' beautiful daughter was stricken down while making preparations to fly from the town.

"I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." "I will all come right in the end," he said, but the end seemed so far away.

He would be only "old Joe Hixson's son," to these people, all the days of his life. There was no end to that shame and sorrow. The sins of a drunken and depraved father were visited upon the head of a son who was deserving of the world's honor and esteem. He had risen above them into the beauty and glory of a pure and noble manhood.

Through shame and sorrow, discouragement and poverty, he had struggled up to a higher and a better life, and yet the good people of Sharon daily made him look backward to the life he had left.

When he returned, his heart sank within him. In the window of one of the handsomest offices rooms in the town, he saw

And no friendly hand was stretched forth to help him onward.

"It is really surprising to see the assurance 'old Joe Hixson's son' displays," said Mrs. Colonel Giddings, the wealthiest woman in Sharon, "with his antecedents to set himself here for our physician."

How many of us can look back through the ages to ancestors in whom there was no guile, and for whom we need not blush?

During six months Doctor George had but two patients; one of them was a boy who had cut his finger badly, and the other was a child with the colic. He had not, however, wasted his time. He had studied, and learned much.

He was a bright, observing young fellow, and no one in Sharon would ever have guessed that the bright letters and sketches they read in certain Eastern papers, were written by "old Joe Hixson's son." He had signed "Alexis" to all he had written, and had been able to meet his small expense with the money he had received for his work.

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August 25, 1885.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER

was; and the men patted her head, just as if she'd been seen.

more laughing seemed willing to voice thing it was, you know; but I in the first place thought one after a thing, so, after a while, it didn't really like saloon, though he price. And finally the saloon said he any more.

Public Sentiment. Chilling. And all this making hot coffee every day, and I'd the pledge had kept over his old cloak. Why the saloon was all was worth a what's that? you was shaking hands my would with me, too. And Florry sparkled; only Tucker came something, and seize her hand, I saw Florry's cheek—and sister Florry said tea, with a jolly aren't you glad? mother, then—make to the coffer.

"she said. And "But I suppose other hobby, just—Good Cheer.

Abstraction.

his friends, Victor Dame" during the while bullets were arden and barricades almost at his door,

in one room, locked should tempt him and spent the whole up in a big gray almost time to com, a work on French is that Victor Hugo aesthetic drama, "Le

insurrection,

ten in four days. Muleries Garden, he lay there under the sun, coming toward me, I saw ugly little bow-legged bulldog, held in check by a strap which dragged along an

little man. Before the dog could get in a word the man opened on me with an outburst of blasphemy, with variations, accusing me of stealing his pumpkins. I proposed to compromise by paying for the pumpkins on the spot, and leave them the spot, too, if he would hold the bulldog while I let out the gas. But no, we couldn't agree.

The man liberally estimated my plunder

sixty-five cents per pumpkin. I had

pumpkins, big and little some not worth ten cents, I thought, but I didn't want to incense the man for a few cents, so I handed out one dollar to begin with.

As the man almost grasped it, the dog got in just ahead and snatched it. The man let go the dog and started for the money, and the dog went for me. Instantly a wicked thought struck me, namely, to fit to fresh fields and pastures new. Accordingly I threw out three bags of Massachusetts sand, the Skylark mounted the breeze, and last I saw of the man he was dinging a jig and declaiming in large capitals, heavily punctuated with gestures, while the bulldog was silently trailing along after me.

Now it was plain sailing once more just above the woods, but as I crossed over and reached the next clearing the Skylark manifested the same inclination to come down at a depression that a balanced balloon always does when following the office counter into the regions that are supposed to be sacred to gentlemen who wear diamonds and address congressmen, governors, tourists, porters, newsmen and other statesmen by their first names, when his eye happened to catch sight of his own name on a slip with others over the book-keeper's desk. He would have not given it a passing thought had not the letters "D. B." been attached. He "flew off the handle" on the instant, and demanded an interview with the proprietor. That august functionary was found, and to him the irate journalist addressed few remarks. "Do, I owe you anything?" he asked. "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "I have paid my bills all right so far as you know, haven't I?" "Certainly. I have no complaint to make."

"Then why do you permit your clerk to post me over his desk as a 'D. B.?"

"I do not; there must be some mistake."

The journalist assured him that there was no mistake, and that he had seen the objectionable and significant letters with his own eyes. The more he thought of it the madder he got. The proprietor could not pacify him until he promised to have the matter investigated and the guilty man punished. It was found that the night clerk had perpetrated the outrage, and that evening the injured citizen took an early opportunity to take him to task. "What did you mean by putting 'D. B.' after my name?" inquired the newspaper man. "O, go away," he replied, thinking his interlocutor was "chaffing" as was his custom. "don't bother me." "No, I won't go away, and I demand a civil answer to my question."

The clerk looked up and saw an angry man in front of him. Then his countenance was suddenly bisected by a grin, and he doubled up like a man with the colic. "You took day-board, didn't you?" he inquired, as soon as he regained his composure. "Yes, I did, and I have paid for all the day-board I have enjoyed."

"So you have," was the soothing response, "but just come around here a minute, till I show you something. You see you are in good company. You are an associate of several millionaires and railroad magnates. They are each and every one designated the same way, 'D. B.' That is short for 'day-board.' Regular boarders are marked 'R. B.'

The journalist spent a week's salary trying to bribe his audience with liquid nourishment to keep still, but like all good things the joke leaked.

Had His Doubts About It.

Most of us have forgotten that the railroad is a marvel in unaccustomed eyes. We are so used to its calm disposals of difficulties that we do not even remember that those difficulties exist. "Suppose," said one of the first objectors to the new invention to Stephenson, "sup-

HE NEVER SUSPECTED IT.

A letter on the table lies.
I do not recognize the hand.
And yet my heart is throbbing, and
There's joy-light in my yearning eyes.
It is from mother, old and gray,
Or from the little trusting maid
Whose heart I won before I strayed
Out to the mountains, leagues away!

Before I break the seal I press
My lips upon the envelope,
And O, a boundless wealth of hope
Is lavished in that soft care!

Peace, fluttering heart! O soul, sit still!
Would my trembling frame recoil?
My letter comes from Bridget Doyle;
It is—it is my laundry bill!

PERILS IN A BALLOON.

Mrs. Carl Meyers, better known as "Carlotta," has made over one hundred and fifty successful balloon ascensions, and has had many peculiar experiences. One of the best tells as follows:

"I had ascended from Massachusetts with the Skylark fully inflated with hydrogen gas, and with sand ballast to balance weight. The wind track made landing places scarce and infrequent along the ground below, and I was just going to throw out balloon and seek a higher current which might drift me out of that part of the country, when I spied three bare spots of ground, all in a row, directly before me, with patches of woods between me, and in the first I found landing. It proved to be a pumpkin field. The Skylark swooped down, and with the aid of the wind began dragging my little netting-bordered platform across the field. I pressed down the size of the ring or rim supporting the netting and fished for pumpkins as we alighted. By the time I had caught quite a mess of them the balloon was tired dragging the accumulated load and paused to rest, the wind occasionally lunging and tugging it along for a foot or so."

It was a neat landing, and I was just fittering myself with the idea of my saving all my ballast and most of my gas, besides capturing a load of pumpkins, when the fence, coming toward me, I saw an ugly little bow-legged bulldog, held in check by a strap which dragged along an

little man. Before the dog could get in a word the man opened on me with an outburst of blasphemy, with variations, accusing me of stealing his pumpkins. I proposed to compromise by paying for the pumpkins on the spot, and leave them the spot, too, if he would hold the bulldog while I let out the gas. But no, we couldn't agree.

The man liberally estimated my plunder

sixty-five cents per pumpkin. I had

pumpkins, big and little some not worth ten cents, I thought, but I didn't want to incense the man for a few cents, so I handed out one dollar to begin with.

As the man almost grasped it, the dog got in just ahead and snatched it. The man let go the dog and started for the money, and the dog went for me. Instantly a wicked thought struck me, namely,

to fit to fresh fields and pastures new. Accordingly I threw out three bags of Massachusetts sand, the Skylark mounted the breeze, and last I saw of the man he was dinging a jig and declaiming in large capitals, heavily punctuated with ges-

wanting to go up again. Thus my line extended earthward on a slant, like a kite string and I was pulling it in from the kite end, when I became conscious of an uproar in the air. Looking around in the direction of the cows I saw approaching me one member of the group, and I concluded from the attitude and action that it was a bull, and furthermore that he owned that pasture. He approached with his head down and his horns lowered in a way alarmingly suggestive of scooping me up, all the time roaring and plunging like a locomotive off the track. I stopped hauling in rope, and rot a pumpkin ready to offer my coming guest, for I thought he might prefer a pumpkin to me. I threw one down. It went to smash right where he could smell it most easily, and its loose lifted me gently out of his reach. He snuffed at it suspiciously, pawed the fragments contemptuously, stabbed spitefully at the biggest piece and tried to get it on his horns. I was just above him now, and I concluded that if he got mad so easily at my hospitable overtures, and greatly preferred one on his horn rather than internally, I'd give it to him there. I dropped one so accurately that it stuck fast quite a little while, making him look comically vain, and, really a mad bull with a big golden pumpkin on his horn, looks very funny to one up in a balloon. After wrestling with the pumpkin for a while he managed to fire it up at me, and paused in an attitude signifying: "That's a sample of the work done here!" With all his pride I was still a little too uppish for him. He had the range, but he flattered himself that he had got me treed and could wait for me to come down. As I continued to disdain his intimate acquaintance he began sparring with my anchor rope, and presently got it tangled with his horns. Here was a predicament! Of all the serial navigation schemes for balloon propulsion, no one ever thought of bull-power till I discovered it—or it discovered me! Pretty soon the bows and gentle capers of my captor dislodged the anchor, and we paraded the arena, making quite an imposing procession. The cows wildly fled at our approach. How it might have ended I know not, but old bovine stumbled and tripped so repeatedly from my anchor continually catching as I dragged behind him, that his style of locomotion became worse than stuttering, and he finally became so entangled, lassoed and wound up in my 300 feet of rope that at last he tumbled helplessly and failed to rise again. After capturing my anchor, I cut off all the rope old bovine could spare, and with the deposit of one more pumpkin I paid my way to more hospitable regions above. Half an hour later I landed at a "sunset calm" at a comfortable farm house, where I was cordially assisted and entertained. Here I left my remaining pumpkins, with the generous recommendation that they were "an extremely valuable and high-priced variety, of my own importation and raising, good for man or beast, high climbers without poling, and great travelers." I now cannot eat a pumpkin pie without tears.

A Regular "D. B."

Not long ago a well known newspaper man took day board at the Sherman House, says the Chicago Times. He was at home in the place, and was a privileged character. One day he sauntered behind the office counter into the regions that are supposed to be sacred to gentlemen who wear diamonds and address congressmen, governors, tourists, porters, newsmen and other statesmen by their first names, when his eye happened to catch sight of his own name on a slip with others over the book-keeper's desk. Mr. Stanton if his statement had not been correct, the secretary said that it was, but he had thought that it was unsafe to expose Washington to a rebel raid by sending away so many troops. "Well, Mr. President," deliberately remarked Gen. Grant, "all I have to say is that there cannot be two commanders to the army. If Mr. Stanton is to exercise command, I must resign at once."

Mr. Lincoln sat for a moment nursing his knee, and then, looking up, said, in a fat tone of voice: "Mr. Secretary, I guess we'd better let Grant run the machine." From that hour Mr. Stanton was Gen. Grant's most obedient, humble servant.

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(Continued from first page.)

fact was that as soon as it was announced abroad that the United States had lowered its tariff upon foreign wools, the price of all grades of fine clothing wools were advanced. Thus while wool was declining here, it was advancing in foreign markets. The foreign wool-growers gained what you lost. If you are such philanthropists as those who declare for free trade on the ground that all mankind belong to one family, and believe in the universal brotherhood of man, this ought to be a great satisfaction to you, and enable you to bear your losses with equanimity. What was your loss was their gain, and it was all accomplished by legislation. The other day in looking over the British Board of Trade returns of the business of the year I noticed that, with but one exception, trade was reported dull and depressed in all lines of business. That exception was the worsted trade of Bradford, the head quarters of the English woolen industry. The returns stated that the activity in the worsted trade was owing to the increased demand for woolen suitings and worsted yarns from the United States. The increase was stated to be more than five fold—from £1,000,000 sterling yearly to nearly £1 million. The American manufacturers, who were thought to have the best end of the tariff revision, have found out by experience, that instead of a decrease in the tariff on worsted yarns helping them, and enabling them to make goods so cheap that they could export and sell them in competition with English manufacturers, it has resulted in their losing nearly a third of their home trade and gaining nothing in return. Purchasing yarns abroad to be made into goods at home kept American manufacturers out of the wool markets, and values of our best wools sank below the average for a long term of years. Americans are to-day wearing woolens made entirely of foreign wools, from which foreign manufacturers and foreign wool growers reaped the profit, while American flocks are being sacrificed because of the unsatisfactory condition of the wool markets. This is the over-production we are suffering from, and another way in which legislation exercised a most baneful influence upon this industry.

How much was actually lost in this way can only be guessed at. But I will relate a little of the history of the worsted industry to show that wool-growers were heavy losers in another direction:

For years our manufacturers had to import a certain amount of combing wool to mix with our short stapled fine wools, as it requires a four or five inch staple to allow of its being combed. Some years ago, an invention was perfected whereby wool with a staple of two or two and a half inches could be combed and spun into yarn suitable for making worsted goods. This invention would have done away with the necessity of importing combing wool, and rendered Merino wool available for that purpose, thus extending the market for American wools just so much. The lowering of the tariff on worsted yarns prevented American wool-growers from getting any benefit at all from this invention, as manufacturers had to import the yarns made abroad from foreign wools, or be undersold by those who did.

Just as the country was getting into a position where every requirement of the manufacturer could be met by the home product, legislation stepped in, lowered the bars, and the markets were flooded with foreign wools.

Looking over the various branches into which our wool and woolen interests are divided, it will be seen that the manufacturer and wool-grower, while apparently in antagonism, really have a common interest, and any attempt upon the part of one to overreach the other, such as securing of legislation whereby only one party is benefited, sure to result disastrously to both. Legislation, heretofore, if intended to benefit wool-growers, must also guard the interests of manufacturers. You must have a home market for your wools if you would see the business of wool-growing again become remunerative; and manufacturers must of necessity share in that prosperity if it is to be lasting. Any new legislation should be in this direction.

As to the future, it does not look at all favorable for the re-establishment of the tariff of 1867 on wools and woolen goods. In fact, it will require strong efforts to retain the present rates of duties and secure their readjustment on a more equitable basis to the wool-grower. If this can be done, and the question of tariff duties be put upon a permanent basis by proper legislation, I think a year or two would enable wool-growers to recover the ground they have lost in the past two years. What is needed is that legislation relating to this question should be in the hands of its friends, those who are fully acquainted with its needs and capabilities. Let us have a policy hereafter that is thoroughly American. Not a policy that some other nation has found best suited to its surroundings; but one that will look first, last and all the time for the good and glory of this country and the prosperity of its people. That is the legislation we all want and should have. That is the legislation a patriotic Congress and a patriotic President should give us, rather than the barren policy of sentimental theorists, who imagine they should legislate for the benefit of the world, while the interests of their own people are neglected.

And now, in conclusion, allow me to say that there is one kind of legislation that would be of incalculable benefit to the flocks of the country—legislation that wool-growers themselves can compass without the aid of Congress or legislatures—and that is to legislate that their sheep will average eight or ten pounds of wool to their owners; and every one that will not do it ought to be sent to the block. The use of good rams will do this, supplemented with good feed and intelligent care, and when you have accomplished this you will have the assurance that Congress cannot legislate it out of your flock. There is also something very gratifying in securing by your own exertions, what would make your flock as valuable to you to-day as they were in the days of high prices, before they were

struck by the tariff. Remember the legend of the man who got his cart stuck in the mud, and prayed to Jupiter to aid him in getting it out. Jupiter appeared, and told him that praying was all right, but he must also put his shoulder to the wheel. Now while you are petitioning and demanding Congress to undo what was a very unwise piece of legislation, put your shoulder to the wheel and resolve that the great American Merino sheep shall be brought to a higher degree of perfection than ever before. That it will clip more wool and better wool, and be more desirable in every respect that makes such a sheep valuable to the agriculturist. Do this, and the hoofs of your flock will again become golden, blessing their owner as well as the land which sustains them, and return ten-fold the care, time and cost expended upon them.

GOOD HEALTH RESULTS FROM SANITARY WORK.

Sanitary authorities have claimed that the sanitary work which they have recommended to be done as a preparation for cholera, such as preventing and abating nuisances; attending to drains, sewers, privies and cesspools; cleaning up generally, and unusual carefulness in regard to foods and drinks, would reduce the sickness and deaths from other diseases, even if cholera did not come. The weekly reports for July, 1885, to the Michigan State Board of Health, by physicians in different parts of the State, indicate that this claim is being realized in Michigan, so far as relates to the lessened sickness—it having been lessened from nearly every disease, and greatly lessened from fevers due to diarrhoeal and other diseases believed to be especially influenced by sanitary conditions; and this is true, notwithstanding the meteorological conditions in that month were rather more than usually unfavorable to health. It is proper to state, however, that the sickness in any month is influenced by the meteorological conditions in the preceding month, and that the meteorological conditions in June, 1885, were favorable to health.

Observations in Michigan for many years have shown that in July the meteorological conditions especially unfavorable to health are, high temperature, excessive humidity of the atmosphere, and deficiency of ozone. The bulletin of health in Michigan, July, 1885, says: "For the month of July, 1885, compared with the average of corresponding months for the seven years, 1879-1885, the temperature was slightly higher, the absolute and the relative humidity were more, and the day and night ozone were less."

Compared with the average for the month of July in the seven years, 1879-1885, remittent fever, intermittent fever, dysentery, consumption of lungs, cholera-infantum, diarrhea, cholera-morbus measles, and whooping-cough were less prevalent in July, 1875."

A large part of this decrease in sickness has undoubtedly been due to the medical and sanitary journals and the newspapers, which have constantly kept before the people the necessity for sanitary work, and the facts as to the spread of cholera in Europe.

It remains to be seen to what extent efforts for the exclusion of cholera from this country, and the general preparation for cholera by boards of health and the people shall prove effectual; but even if cholera shall not be entirely prevented, there will remain the belief that the measures which have so greatly decreased the sickness from other diseases cannot but have had their influence in decreasing it, and if cholera does not occur in this country it seems quite probable that by reason of the suffering elsewhere, there may be as many cases of serious sickness prevented in this country as there have been cases of cholera in Europe. But this may not continue without continued vigilance and effort.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

Detroit, August 25, 1885.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 2,405 bbls., against 1,515 the previous week, and 2,745 bbls. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments, 447 bbls., against 1,720 bbls., the previous week. Prices have been reduced 5¢ per bbl., millers believing that the present low price of wheat is likely to be permanent for a time. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, stone process \$4.50 64.75
Michigan white wheat, roller process \$4.75 65.50
Michigan white wheat, patents 52 55
Michigan white wheat, 52 55
Michigan winter wheat 57 55
Low grade winter wheat 3.00 53
Rye 4.00 52

Wheat.—The market continues weak and depressed, prices yesterday showing a still further decline. One hundred cars of spot and 388,000 bbls. of futures were sold, at the close of the day there was more firmness exhibited than for the past week. Last prices on spot and futures were as follows: N. 1 white, 84¢; No. 2 red, 85¢; No. 3 no. 86. In futures, No. 1 white sold as follows: September, 84¢; October, 86¢; No. 2 red, September, 86¢; October, 90¢; November, 92¢.

Corn.—The market yesterday was dull and weaker. The sales reported were: 1 car at 45¢, 1 car at 45½¢, 1 car at 45½¢, 1 car at 46¢, and 1 car high mixed at 46¢.

Oats.—Market dull and firm; 30¢ per bushel, new September, 85¢ bid; and 30¢ asked; No. 2 new, 1 car sold at 35¢; 1 car at 35½¢; light mixed, 27¢ bid.

Barley.—No. 3 State is quoted at \$1.35 to \$1.37.

Feed.—The market is quiet and steady.

Bran is quoted at \$1.00 per ton, coarse middlings at \$1.25 and fine at \$1.40.

Butter.—The market is quiet and steady; fair dairy bring 11½¢; and choice, 14½¢; cream, 19½¢.

Cheese.—Market unchanged at 80¢ to 85¢ per lb. for full cream Michigan and Ohio; 82¢ for good skims.

Eggs.—Quoted at 11¢ per dozen, for fresh, with a quiet market.

Dried Fruits.—Sun-dried apples, 3½¢ to 4½¢ per lb.; evaporated 60¢ to 70¢ per lb.; peaches 12¢. Market very dull.

Foreign Fruits.—Oranges, \$4.50 to \$5.25; lemons, \$5.00 to \$6.00; bananas, \$1.40 to 75¢ for yellow; and \$1.25 to \$1.50 for red; M. r. raisins, \$0.002 to 10; London dryers, \$8.40 per box.

Fruit.—Apples, \$1.00 to 25¢ per bbl. for good fruit, \$1.50 to 75¢ for choice. Huckleberries, \$3.00 to 25¢; peaches, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per lb.; pears, \$4.50 to \$6.00 per bbl. for Bartlett, \$2.00 to \$3.50 for others. Plums, \$3.00 to \$5.00 per lb.; grapes, \$3.00 to \$6.00 for 100 lbs. stand.

Vegetables.—Tomatoes, \$1.00 to 25¢ per bu.; cabbage in bbl. crates, \$1.25 to \$1.40 per 100, \$4.50 to green corn, per doz., 20¢.

Honey.—New quoted at 16¢ per lb.

Hay.—Market quiet at \$18 to 23¢ for best timothy baled in carlots on truck; selling in smaller qualities at \$18 to \$14. Straw, \$8.00 to 10¢ on truck.

Clover Seed.—There were also sales yesterday at \$5.25 per bu., and futures for the month sold at \$5.40. At Toledo it is quoted dull and steady at \$5.40.

Pricklyash.—Meat pork slightly lower; lard a

shade lower; smoked meats active and higher; tallow and meat beef unchanged. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mesa, new 10.00 98 10.25
Family new 10.00 98 10.25
Cured hams, per lb. 6.00 65 6%
Lard in carcasses, per lb. 6.00 65 6%
Hams per lb. 11.50 11.50 11.50
Hams, choice, per lb. 8.00 8.00 8.00
Extra Mess beef, per bbl. 10.00 98 10.25
Tallow, per lb. 4.00 4.00 4.00
Dried beef, per lb. 18.00 18.00 18.00

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Monday—12 loads: Five at \$11; two at \$12; one

\$14; one \$16; one \$15; one \$10.

Tuesday—26 loads: Eleven at \$11; five at \$12;

one \$14; one \$15; one \$10.

Wednesday—26 loads: Seven at \$11; five at \$10;

four at \$12 and \$11; three at \$12.50; two at \$11;

and \$10.50; one at \$14; \$13.50 and \$5.50.

Friday—4 loads: Two at \$11; one at \$12 and

one \$10.

Saturday—21 loads: Eight at \$11; six at \$12;

two at \$10; one at \$13; \$12.75; \$11.50; \$10.50 and

\$10.25.

Tumor on Leg of a Mare.

CENTREVILLE, August 11th, 1885.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I have a brown mare three years old, which has a lump on her off hind leg, on the outside just below the hock joint about the size of a 25 cent piece; it seems to be soft. She got her leg fast in a board fence last April; I think she bruised it in that way; never has been lame on it. I have used tincture of iodine on it but it doesn't remove the lump. Will you please tell me what to do for it and oblige,

B. F. G.

Answer.—Apply to the enlargement equal parts of iodine and mercurial ointment mixed together. If one application does not remove it, repeat in about two weeks.

Golte in a Colt.

OKEMOS, Mich., August 18th, 1885.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

As a subscriber to the FARMER I wish to ask you advice on the following case: I have a mare colt, bay color, four months old, apparently healthy and perfect in every respect except an enlargement on the throat very similar to goitre on lambs. It is larger than a hen's egg, mostly on the right side and seems to be attached somewhat to the covering of the windpipe and throat.

I noticed it first when the colt was three days old; it does not appear to grow much, is mostly on the right side but some of it extends under and to other side of throat, is not sore and feels very much like goitre. The dam and sire are both healthy and free from blemish, and the mare has raised several colts before without spot or blemish.

Answer.—The enlargement in the throat of your colt is due to a morbid condition of the thyroid gland known as goitre. Apply tincture of iodine once a day until it irritates the skin, then discontinue its use for a few days, or until the skin assumes its normal condition; then if necessary it may be repeated.

Chronic Garget in a Mare.

CHESTER, Aug. 10, 1885.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to call your attention to the mare with chronic garget I wrote you about last February. I used your prescription as you directed for some two months or more, with no improvement; she swells very badly at times about the bag and under the belly; the bag swells up in lumps and breaks about every week, runs out to pasture and has got very poor; her bowels keep loose all the time; has good appetite; have used her some cultivating corn, and some grain when working. What can I do for her? Please answer through the FARMER and oblige,

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—In answer to the above we would say, the symptoms as given in your letter of Feb. 6, 1885, published in the MICHIGAN FARMER, indicated chronic garget. We believe our diagnosis was correct in the absence of a personal examination of the animal. The case evidently is a complicated one; we would therefore advise you to call a competent veterinary surgeon to examine and prescribe as the pathological changes may suggest.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

Detroit, August 25, 1885.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 2,405 bbls., against 1,515 the previous week, and 2,745 bbls. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments, 447 bbls., against 1,720 bbls., the previous week. Prices have been reduced 5¢ per bbl., millers believing that the present low price of wheat is likely to be permanent for a time. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, stone process \$4.50 64.75
Michigan white wheat, roller process \$4.75 65.50
Michigan white wheat, patents 52 55
Michigan white wheat, 52 55
Michigan winter wheat 57 55

Wheat.—The market continues weak and depressed, prices yesterday showing a still further decline. One hundred cars of spot and 388,000 bbls. of futures were sold, at the close of the day there was more firmness exhibited than for the past week. Last prices on spot and futures were as follows: N. 1 white, 84¢; No. 2 red, 85¢; No. 3 no. 86. In futures, No. 1 white sold as follows: September, 84¢; October, 86¢; No. 2 red, September, 86¢; October, 90¢; November, 92¢.

Corn.—The market yesterday was dull and weaker. The sales reported were: 1 car at 45¢, 1 car at 45½¢, 1 car at 45½¢, 1 car at 46¢, and 1 car high mixed at 46¢.

Oats.—Market dull and firm; 30¢ per bushel, new September, 85¢ bid; and 30¢ asked; No. 2 new, 1 car sold at 35¢; 1 car at 35½¢; light mixed, 27¢ bid.

Barley.—No. 3 State is quoted at \$1.35 to \$1.37.